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A Guide Book

of

WILLIAMSBURG

and DR. LOCKE



from

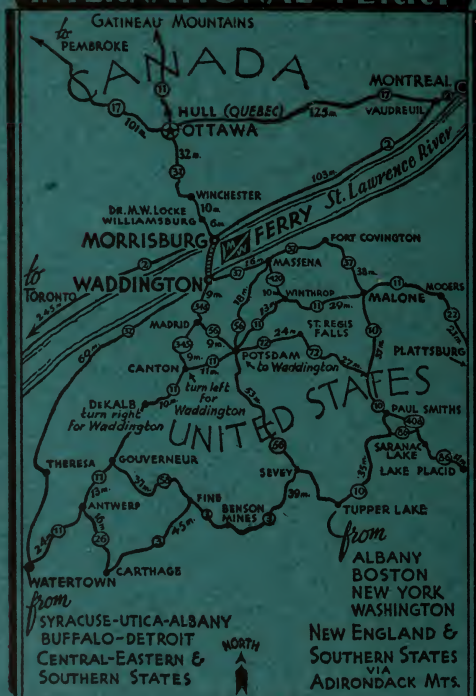
THE PEN OF A NATIVE

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A Guide Book

of

WILLIAMSBURG

and DR. LOCKE



from

THE PEN OF A NATIVE



DR. M. W. LOCKE
as he is today

WILLIAMSBURG *and* DR. LOCKE

A GUIDE BOOK

from the PEN OF A NATIVE

*T*HIS BOOKLET IS A PUBLICATION FROM THE PEN OF A NATIVE OF THIS PLACE. & IT IS WRITTEN IN THREE PARTS—THE CLINIC—THE VICINITY—THE DOCTOR, AND IS ADDRESSED TO THE STRANGERS IN OUR MIDST, TO HELP THEM IN GETTING THE MOST OUT OF THEIR STAY IN WILLIAMSBURG.

THE WRITER'S PARENTAL HOME IS GREYSTONE LODGE, ONE-HALF A MILE WEST OF THE VILLAGE. —*Grace McIntosh*

The Clinic

YOU have just arrived in Williamsburg and are probably held up in a traffic jam and all the time wondering what turn to make and where to go when you do get free. Well, Williamsburg is just a crossroads village, so go straight ahead until you come to the four corners and just a few rods to the east you will find the famous clinic of Dr. Locke.

In clinic hours (which is the greater part of the day) the crowd is all the indication you need. At other times you may be guided by a plain square white frame building, which is office and home combined, with an unostentatious little sign at the office door, painted in gold and black, which simply says "Dr. M. W. Locke". How unassuming and yet how precious, for it seems to me that sufferers who travel from all parts of the world and first lay eyes on this little sign, must feel like the children of Israel when Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness.

If it is in clinic hours and you wish a treatment, place yourself in one of the long rows of humanity which converge towards the centre and Dr. Locke, and wait your

turn. It is well to provide yourself with a camp chair for waiting.

When eventually you find yourself one of the inner circle, take off your shoes and be ready with your stockinged feet when the Doctor gets to you. He will tell you if your feet are perfect or if he has anything special to say. If he does not think he can help you, he will not continue to treat you. Two ladies came from Pennsylvania in the same car; he told one to stay and one to go. The fact that he treats you means that you need treatments and that he can help you. If so, he will adjust your arches from day to day and tell you when he is finished.

Be patient and do not take up his time with unnecessary questions. If you must, you may venture an occasional question while he is manipulating your feet. He will probably take your hands too for a like treatment. He treats all very quietly and quickly, although he gives the more severe cases more time.

Have your one dollar bill ready for him. Do not expect to take his time making change. ~~Patients usually pay at the morning treatment, although if you are not there for a morning treatment pay in the afternoon.~~ *Too a treatment*

As soon as you are finished, give your place to the one behind you and then take time to look around. In the indoor clinic you will see long lines of patients waiting for further treatments from the hands of Dr. Locke's assistants, who work on the limbs and spine. All of these treatments you may have for the original fee of one dollar.

You may have come skeptical; many do, but twenty-four hours with eyes and ears unbiased will convert you into an enthusiast. This is proven by looking into the faces of those around you. They came even as you. You see them now all happy and bright. Look into the faces of the wheel-chair patients. They came here hopeless invalids, many of them in casts. Now their faces shine with the ruddy glow of returning health and with a new hope. The scene here is a replica of the scenes on Galilee, where the multitudes sat at the feet of One (*to hear and to*

be healed by Him of their infirmities) in the words of St. Luke 5: 15. No doubt they sang then, as now, while waiting for that One to come to them and no doubt they had a special greeting for Him then, as now, when He arrived.

Talk with people. Soon you will be one of the great family. You will note the glow of optimism that everywhere prevails and soon you, too, will be enveloped in its folds and as you come each day and travel through your course of treatments on this "Ship of Faith" you will make many fast friends among your ship-mates, whom you will be loath to leave when your journey is ended.

If you come to Williamsburg and Dr. Locke's clinic in this spirit you will not have come in vain, for apart from your physical benefit, you will have learned a lesson in forbearance that you will carry with you the rest of your life.

If you are an invalid and cannot walk to the circle for treatments, there are wheel-chair boys whom you can employ at a reasonable charge to lift you from your room into a chair, which they provide, and take you twice a day for treatments, and return. They are very kind and considerate and you will like them.

Your case may need a special interview with the doctor but here I would say that the larger percentage of patients have their only interviews in and around the circle.

If you are a celebrity, won't you make yourself known at the Registry (the Williamsburg Times Office) and radiate your God-given talents and personality to the many sufferers who will be cheered by this radiance long after you are gone.

Many people wire "Will the doctor be at home such a day." Yes, take that for granted. The doctor never takes a holiday. His hours with nature, after clinic, are his holidays, and the only holidays he has ever been known to take are a few days at Christmas.

Note—as we go to press we observe that a large canopy is erected to cover the outdoor clinic.

ACCOMMODATION

There is a wide range of living quarters to suit the individual taste and comfort. There is a large modern hotel of eighty rooms, Locketon Lodge. There are many rooming houses specially built for the accommodation of patients. In fact, almost without exception, every house in Williamsburg and the surrounding country is open to patients. There are also many small cottages in which you may take up light housekeeping, some with all modern conveniences. Here I may say that Dr. Locke made our town, and its citizens are putting forth every effort to make you comfortable. It offers the usual small town accommodations. There are plenty of restaurants. The Bank of Montreal has a fine modern building at the four corners. There are two churches holding regular services, the Lutheran and the United.

The residents are Anglo-Saxon, mostly of United Empire Loyalist stock, good plain obliging folk who trust you and who want you to trust them.

The Vicinity

IF you are now comfortably established and begin to feel at home, you will want to look a little further afield, and it is my purpose in this chapter to acquaint you with the locality in which you are visiting and to point out to you many interesting local trips you may take when your treatments for the day are over.

You must surely see our Capital City, Ottawa, forty miles straight north on Highway No. 31, which is known as the Whitney Memorial Highway. Visit the new Parliament Buildings with its Peace Tower in which is the splendid carillon of fifty-three bells, the largest but one since, in America. You may hear these bells in recital every Thursday and Sunday evenings, from 9 to 10 p.m. Its Hall of Fame, too, is of magnificent architecture. Walk around Parliament Hill through "Lovers' Walk." Visit also the Victoria Museum and the Experimental Farm.

Drive along the "Governor General's Driveway" by the beautiful Rideau Canal and view "Rideau Hall", the residence of our Governor General, Lord Bessborough. The hotel accommodation in Ottawa is plentiful, but the Chateau Laurier is outstanding, beautifully located, and built of stone construction in the style which its name implies. For further information concerning this beautiful city, go to the Publicity Bureau on Albert Street and ask for the booklet "Ottawa, the Capital City of Canada."

Straight across the river from Ottawa is the Quebec City of Hull, with its French customs and cabaret facilities. Here also is the headquarters of the famous E. B. Eddy Co., makers of paper and pulp, which is exported to all parts of the world. You will have observed the Chaudiere Falls in the Ottawa River, when crossing the bridge from Ottawa to Hull.

You will enjoy a trip "Up the Gatineau" (as they term it), ten miles more or less north of Ottawa. These Gatineau Mountains offer wonderful scenic beauty, splendid trout fishing, and deer hunting in season. You will have noticed their blue skyline coming in to the city from the south.

Morrisburg is a residential town on the St. Lawrence River from which the Morrisburg-Waddington Ferry gives splendid and courteous service to, and from, the American side. This is the nearest ferry to the Dr. Locke clinic. A point of interest is Dry Island, straight across the river from Morrisburg. This was owned by the late Jimmie Corrigan, steel magnate of Cleveland, who, in his young days, entertained many a gay party at this island home. Note the log lodge of thirty-five Master bedrooms. The other beautiful island home just a little to the east is that of the late Colonel J. Wesley Allison. Note also the beautiful waterfront parks maintained by the Federal Government. Up Locke Street, from the ferry stands one of the oldest and most noted hotels in the district, the St. Lawrence Hall, built and operated for three generations by the McGannon family. On the right at this corner is the Morrisburg

Chamber of Commerce, where you may receive any information you require about routes and stopping points of interest in Canada and U. S. A.

Morrisburg is also neighbor to one of Canada's National Parks—"Broder Island Park." Named for Mr. Andrew Broder, a local man and prominent statesman, who represented Dundas County in the Federal House of Parliament. This island has bathing and picnic facilities in abundance, and may be reached by motor boat taxi for fifteen cents (each way). You may get this taxi at any time by inquiring at the Ferry Dock.

You will enjoy a drive east along the beautiful St. Lawrence, and it is well called beautiful, for the St. Lawrence, from Lake to Ocean, offers mote beauty and romance than any other river in the world, beauty as you see it, romance as history tells us. Two miles east at "The Churches," an imposing memorial marks the grave of Sir James Whitney, former premier of Ontario and prominent statesman, and for whom the Whitney Memorial Highway is named. A few miles farther east you pass "Edgehill", the birthplace and former country home of Lady Minto and Lady Haddington, two English Countesses. (The elder Lord Minto was once Governor General of Canada.) Farther on, a few miles, on your left, stands the old Chrysler Farm Monument, where a centennial was held in the year 1912, celebrating one hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States. Going on, you will pass through many pretty little villages. Farther on you will be fascinated by the roar and tumble of the Long Sault Rapids. These are the greatest of all the remarkable rapids in the St. Lawrence River. Here it is impossible for boats to go up the river and indeed very few men can take a boat down.

Now if you are picnic-minded and have brought your lunch along, you may cross the river here on a bridge at Mille Roches, to Sheik's Island, and go west to the head of the island, where you may "look these rapids in the

face." There is a picnic ground here, which a large stone with an inscription on, indicates. Put on your bathing suit and go down and sit on the rocks near the shore where you will get just enough tumble from the rapids to make it interesting. Look up the little spring near by.

*(A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in and hung with care
A ladle, at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that men might drink).*

Six miles farther on, on the Canadian side, is the little city of Cornwall, which is thirty miles east of Morrisburg.

Williamsburg is one hundred miles from the large industrial city of Montreal, which is Canada's greatest seaport.

One hundred and seventy-five miles east of Montreal, is the City of Quebec. The towering ramparts which stood in the days of Wolfe and Montcalm still overlook the mighty St. Lawrence. Narrow crooked streets and quaint French customs leave the impression that one is visiting in the old world.

Twenty-two miles east of Quebec is the famous Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, the mecca of thousands of worshippers.

Motoring is enjoyable on No. 2 Highway, all through these parts.

Another day you may go west from Morrisburg, where you drive closely along the banks of the St. Lawrence. The rapids you see are the Rapids du Platt and plenty rough enough for amateurs to try to navigate. Here, boats in general do not go against the current, so they go up the river through artificial canals. You will enjoy watching the boats lock through these canals. The first town you go through, Iroquois, boasts a pretty little

summer resort at a point near the water's edge. Here the river is nice for bathing. This was the original home of the Iroquois Indians, hence its name. They chose this location because from this point—known as Point Iroquois, they could look five miles down the river.

Just before you come to Prescott, twenty miles west of Morrisburg, you will see on your left an interesting old stone tower. This was built originally as a grist mill and does not seem in the beginning to have had any connection with the various conflicts on the St. Lawrence. Later, it was used as a light house and still later it had some military significance which an inscription over the entrance indicates. This is called Windmill Point.

Fort Wellington at Prescott still stands almost as it was doing duty in the war of 1812. It is one of the best preserved forts in Canada today; the palisade still stands intact, and the government maintains a curator there to show visitors through. I am informed that they already have ten thousand visitors annually. The entrance gateway is a strong stone winding archway and obviously constructed to make entrance difficult for the enemy. The museum at the fort is interesting with its collection of Indian and Military relics.

Farther on, a few miles on your left, do not miss "The Little Blue Church" which is the first Protestant Church in Canada, and established by Barbara Heck in the year 1790. The inscription on her monument here is impressive for it was she who laid the foundation of Protestantism in this continent. You may have read the story of her life and work.

This stretch of Highway No. 2, from Cornwall to Brockville, a distance of about seventy miles, is the prettiest part of the St. Lawrence River drive, for the road follows closely along the water's edge where one can get the full beauty of the river.

We must not pass up the pretty town of Brockville, with its row of millionaire homes along the highway and

its splendid boating facilities. This town is in the Thousand Island District.

You will want to go on also to Gananoque, "The Gateway to the Thousand Islands," a distance of about sixty-five miles west of Morrisburg, and from where there are organized boat trips through the islands. It is these islands as you know that made the St. Lawrence River famous for its beauty as well as the clear emerald-like color of the water. You will have called out to you all the places of interest on these boat trips, among them the smallest international bridge in the world, which by the way, Ripley used recently in one of his Believe it or Not cartoons. Here I would add that there are daily scheduled boat trips through the Islands from most of the near-by water-front towns.

If it is a motor drive you wish, try the triangular highway drive from Williamsburg to Johnstown, (near Prescott), then north to Ottawa on the Prince of Wales Highway, and from Ottawa, south to Williamsburg, a total distance of about one hundred and twenty miles.

In passing, I wish to mention that those of artistic trend should find an opportunity to see the beautiful life-size oil painting in the chancel of the local Lutheran Church of "The Sympathizing Jesus." This work of art was executed and donated by a local young lady who received her early Christian training within the walls of this church.

Last but not least we must not pass the immediate rural vicinity literally flowing with milk and honey for it is a dairy district and called the "Garden of Ontario." Note the well-kept farm homes and the peaceful herds of Holstein cattle grazing on the green pastures. These herds are the farmers' maintenance. The milk is taken every morning in cans to the many cheese factories which you see along the road and there it is manufactured into the fine Canadian cheese of which we all know. I may say that this was a profitable industry, but suffering today like every other industry in these abnormal times.

This is also a maple sugar making district and the maple syrup which you may be served at your meals is made here. Almost every farmer has what he calls his "Sugar-Bush," with its accompanying sugar-hut.

In seeing rural Ontario, let me direct you to a certain farm home situated eight miles from Williamsburg, which is the boyhood home of our own Dr. Locke. Following a winding road west from Williamsburg, five miles, and just after you pass the cross-road of the first little village, Dundela, you will see on your right a monument in recognition of the services of the late John Allen McIntosh, in grafting and perfecting the McIntosh Red Apple. This is the original McIntosh homestead. The original tree stood only a few rods from the monument. A son still owns and operates the place. He is in the nursery business. Go on farther west two miles to the little cross-roads village of Dixon's Corners, turn to your right, and there on your left is the little country school where a certain little boy by the name of Mahlon Locke saw his first schooldays. About one mile farther north, stop your car to look at a certain red brick farm house on your left, peculiarly built in four wings and named "Lockehurst," for this is where a certain widowed mother reared this certain little boy, along with two other brothers, one since deceased. Yes, this is the boyhood home of Dr. Locke. A brother still owns and operates the place.

The little village in front of you is Brinston, through which you may wend your way back home by another route, passing the cemetery where this same widowed mother is laid to rest. She did not live to see her son attain his present fame, yet she laid a fine foundation of honesty and virtue upon which her family built.

The Doctor

MANY treatises have been written concerning the Doctor, but this one may be different in that it is probably a shorter and more intimate sketch of the man himself, than has heretofore been written.

He is Mahlon William Locke, M.D., graduate of Queen's University, Kingston, and Licentiate Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland.

He opened his first general practice in 1907, where he still resides, and he was very successful in his work from the beginning. Later he distinguished himself at the time of the "Flu" with his success in handling the epidemic, for he never lost a patient while he was on his feet. He contracted the dread malady himself and the bereavements in his locality can be attributed to that time. Soon following, we began to realize the worth of his new-found treatment for arthritis and kindred ailments, as he cured many who are still here to tell the tale.

For the past six years, people from all parts of America have been finding their way to him. The Rex Beach article in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* last August capped the climax and brought crowds almost beyond handling. So you see this is past the experimental stage and you may safely trust yourself in his hands.

This is to say that we knew we had an outstanding man in our midst long before he was discovered by the outside world. We gladly share him with you and welcome you to our homes. You will find us hospitable; make use of us and take good care of him. Refrain from bothering him with needless questions and interviews, and so help him to conserve his strength for his wonderful work.

He is an unique man in a unique setting. A Solomon and a Good Samaritan combined, as indeed he often does the Good Samaritan Act. Reared in a Christian atmosphere which has stayed with him through his life, I see

him yet regularly in the back pew of the little old Methodist Church on Sunday evenings, and borne out today in the little plaque on the wall of his waiting room "Begin the day with God."

His kindly eyes look through you and understand you more than you realize. He is quiet and unassuming with a lighter vein in his make-up that loves a joke and indeed when time and tide permitted, his nature just demanded it, even if at somebody else's expense as I well have occasion to remember; you will note this occasionally in the circle as he takes a chuckle at some husky person who says "Holy Moses" or "That's enough," and let this not be misleading for the treatments do not hurt except sometimes in the more advanced cases and even then they seem to look forward to their treatments.

He is very modest and indeed even those of us who have known him always and can talk with him as freely as ever, have to steer shy of conversation that relates to his popularity and fame.

He has his hobby, too, which is farming. He is fond of live-stock and his farm at the west end of the village has afforded him many a treat and retreat. It was here where was raised "Williamsburg Pontiac", the two year old heifer that held the world's record for butter production over a thirty-day period. This was in the year 1923.

The Doctor himself is a family man and he is proud and happy in his home life with his wife and family of three girls and one boy, ranging in ages from four to fourteen years. The boy aspires to be a doctor like his daddy and here's wishing him success.

In passing we must pay well deserved tribute to his wife, a charming, capable and conscientious young woman, never too busy to be gentle and courteous and whose life is wrapped up in the Doctor's work and service.

I said to him one day: "Doctor, why don't you get another doctor to come in here and take your general practice and save yourself for your specialty." His

answer was brief and evasive, for he knows as well as we all know that we would rather wait days if need be for a diagnosis from the "Old Doc" as he calls himself, than to get quick service from any other doctor.

Of his work, space in this little booklet is far too inadequate to attempt a treatise, but just here I may pass on to you some of the doctor's plain old philosophy which I received first hand, in broken English, from a man from the State of Maine, "But doctor, the pain is not in my feet, it is in my legs and hips," and the reply, "You step on a dog's tail and it squeals over there."

I have before me a card which says "The Doctor sure knows his onions." It is written by a restaurant owner from Muskoka after he had returned home from a couple weeks' treatment here, and I may add that this man was in such pain when he came that he had an attendant who had saved up enough morphine pills from former treatments to get him here. He took one only after the first treatment.

Other letters we receive are: "The treatments did me a world of good and I am returning," or "I am cured and if I ever come to Williamsburg again it will be purely on a pleasure trip."

Dr. Locke does not profess to perform miracles. His treatments are based on a logical scientific line of thought that misplacements in the feet affect all parts of the body, just as the foundation of a building may make or undermine the security of that building. He corrects the misplacements, nature does the rest. Of the success of his work, there is plenty of evidence—the crowds themselves by word of mouth bear testimony and in many cases the best results are seen after the Doctor has dismissed the patient and the soreness from the treatments subsides after he has returned to his home.

The famous Lockewedge shoe, designed and perfected by the Doctor, carries on the good work where he leaves off.

You may see around the circle samples of his work as a general practitioner. Those who were here last winter saw a mother exhibiting a sliver four inches long and one quarter inch thick which had been in her eleven year old son's foot for three years, and which had just found its way out under the direction of Dr. Locke with the simple medium of three yards of inch-wide elastic.

He is a goiter specialist as well and knows goiter as well as he knows arthritis. His goiter pills of his own formula have worked wonders. He can tell you at a glance if you have goiter. What was considered an incurable case of inward goiter is a resident of our village today in the person of a big healthy man, cured with Dr. Locke's pills. Outward goiter enlargements are also dissolved and fade away without any discomfort. I know this from experience.

They say a prophet is without honor in his own country, but we wish this little booklet to bear testimony to the fact that here is one prophet who is not without honor in his own country; he is loved and admired for himself and for his outstanding ability so, what better credentials does one need than that?

We hope you are benefitted by your stay in Williamsburg and that you have enjoyed the places that this book points out to you and if there is no other gain than the pleasure of relating a worthy tale of a worthy man, my purpose is well served.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The advertisers in this booklet assisted me with information and support - - I will greatly appreciate, if you will extend your patronage to them.

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